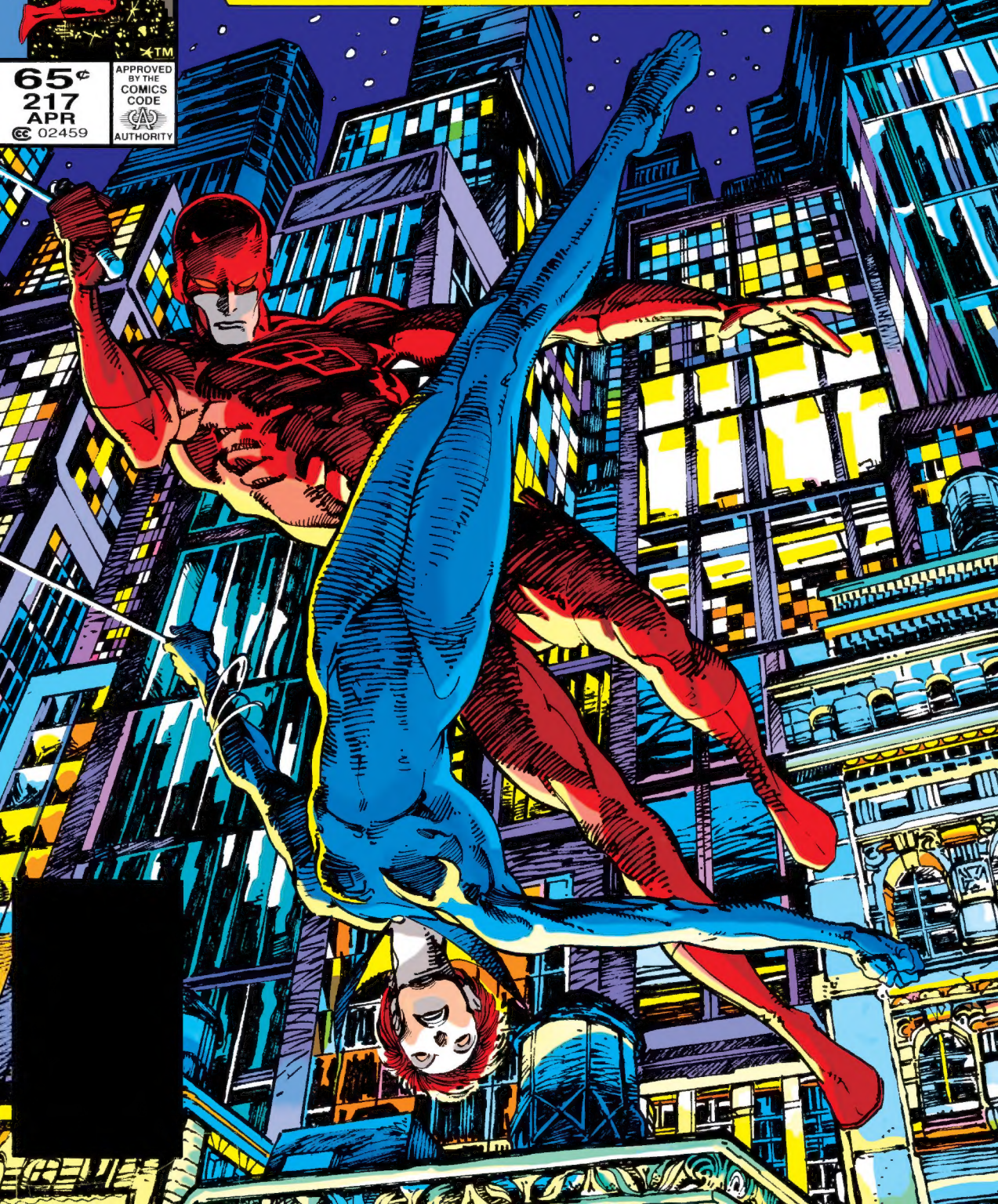




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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR



Stan Lee
presents--

THE SIGHT STEALER

RUNNING, STUMBLING,
DRIVEN BY PANIC, THESE
SUDDENLY HELPLESS
PEOPLE ARE NOT EVEN
AWARE OF THEIR DANGER...

KID...
WATCH
OUT!



DENNY
O'NEIL
STORY

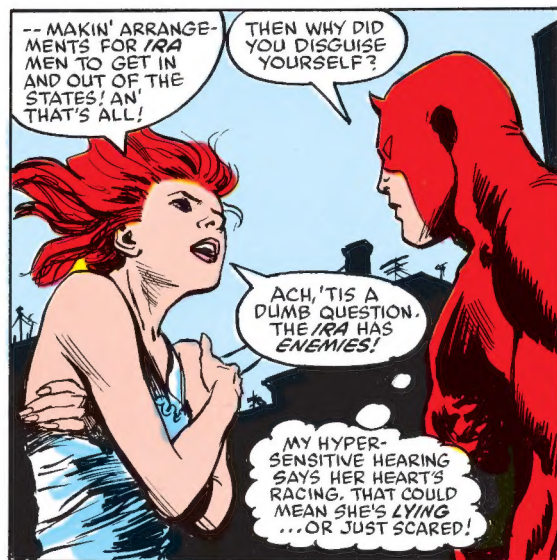
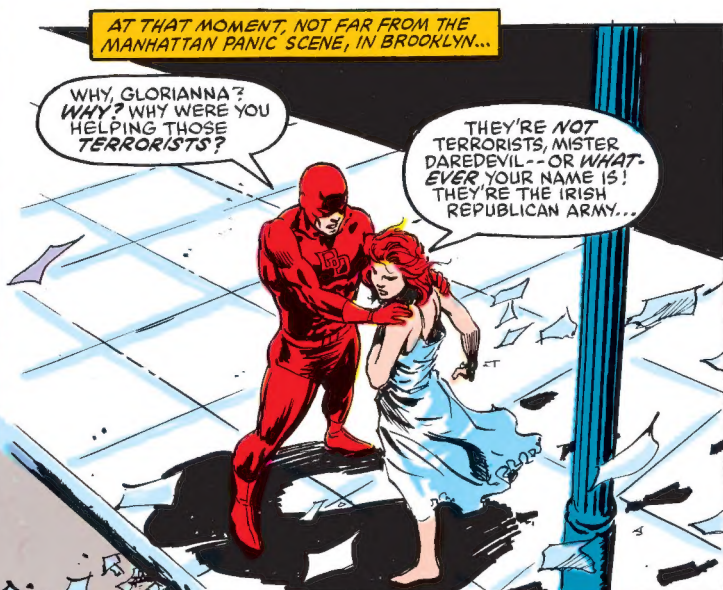
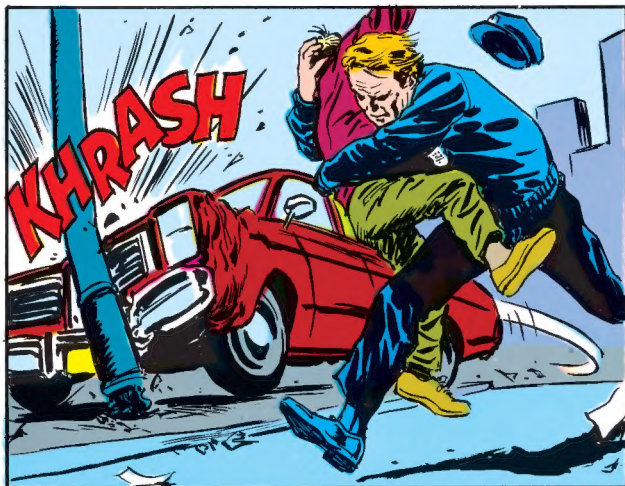
DAVID
MAZZUCHELLI
ART

JOE
ROSEN
LETTERING

GEORGE
ROUSSOS
COLORING

RALPH
MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM
SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



SHE *DID* COME WITHIN MINUTES OF BEING TORTURED TO DEATH BEFORE I ARRIVED!*

YOU'VE NO SHYNESS ABOUT ASKIN' QUESTIONS. NOW ANSWER ME ONE--WHY DO YOU WEAR THE MASK?

THAT'S A LONG STORY, MS. O'BREEN. IT CONCERNS A MAN NAMED STICK...

*D.D. FOLLOWED A TRAIL OF CLUES THAT LED TO HIS RESCUING GLORI-ANNA FROM THE GAELE LAST ISSUE. --RALE

...MAYBE I'LL TELL IT SOMETIME.

MEANWHILE, WE'D BETTER GET YOU INTO A CAB.

GO HOME. STAY THERE. I'LL BE IN TOUCH--

--AFTER I MAKE SURE THAT THE GAELE'S *LOCKED AWAY BEHIND THE THICKEST WALLS IN THE TIGHTEST JAIL IN TOWN.

THAT MADMAN'S MURDERED ALMOST A DOZEN INNOCENT PEOPLE SINCE HE ESCAPED FROM PRISON A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH HIM.

*A RENEGADE IRA AGENT WHO ORIGINALLY CAME TO THE U.S. TO KILL GLORIANNA BELIEVING SHE HAD INFORMATION AS TO HIS TRUE IDENTITY. HE WAS CAUGHT BY D.D., BUT ESCAPED JAIL LAST ISSUE. --RALE, AGAIN.

I HEAR SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE. I GUESS SOMEONE'S FINALLY GOTTEN AROUND TO CALLING THE COPS.

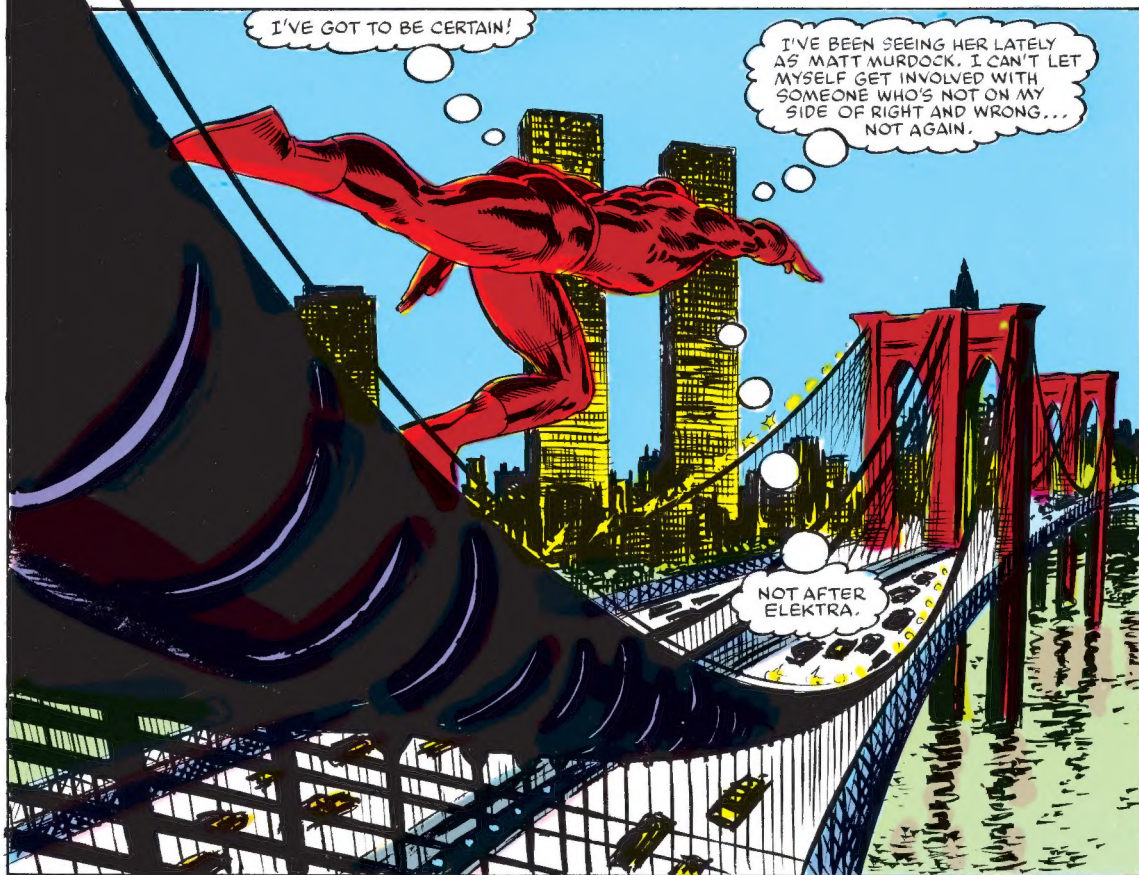
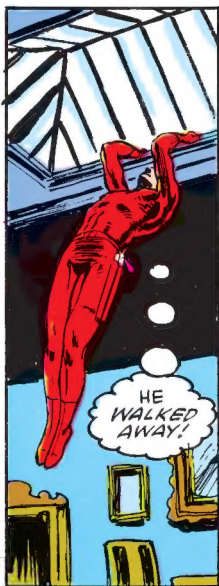
NO PROBLEM. I'LL BE GONE BY THE TIME THEY GET HERE... AND THEY CAN TAKE CREDIT FOR NAILING THE GAELE.

HE'S GONE!

THE EYES DO NOT SEE, FOR HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT YEARS AGO. BUT THE EARS, THE NOSE AND THE SENSE HE CALLS HIS "RADAR," ALL OF WHICH WERE SUBSEQUENTLY DEVELOPED TO AN ACUTE DEGREE, DETECT NO LIFE IN THIS ROOM.

THERE ARE ONLY THE EMPTY HUSKS OF THOSE THE GAELE SLAUGHTERED... MUTE TESTIMONY TO HIS INSANE CRUELTY...

I HIT HIM... AS HARD AS I COULD... WITH A CHAIR... WHEN I SAW HIM HERE AT THE BAR WITH GLORIANNA...





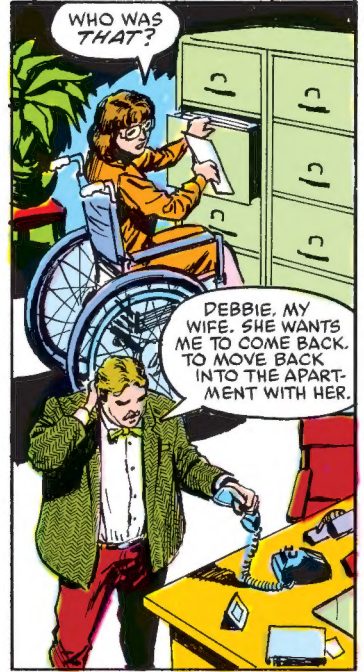
ONE PERSON IS FAMILIAR WITH THE INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE TERRORIST SCENE... SHE KNOWS MY OTHER IDENTITY--MATT MURDOCK, WE WERE LOVERS ONCE. CONFIDANTS, MAYBE SHE CAN GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I NEED.

THEN, HE STOPS THINKING FOR A TIME AND ALLOWS HIMSELF TO MOVE, TO SIMPLY MOVE...



MEANWHILE, AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK--

...HAVE TO LET YOU KNOW.



WHO WAS THAT?

DEBBIE, MY WIFE. SHE WANTS ME TO COME BACK. TO MOVE BACK INTO THE APARTMENT WITH HER.



YOU'LL DO IT, OF COURSE.

SEE, BECKY, THE THING IS, SHE LEFT ME. SHE WENT TO MICAH SYNN! * I GUESS SHE WANTED TO MARRY HIM...

*UNSCRUPULOUS MEMBER OF THE AFRICAN KINGORGE TRIBE WHOSE VIRILE CHARMS PROVED TEMPORARILY IRRESISTIBLE FOR DEBBIE NELSON. - BLABBERMOUTH RALF.



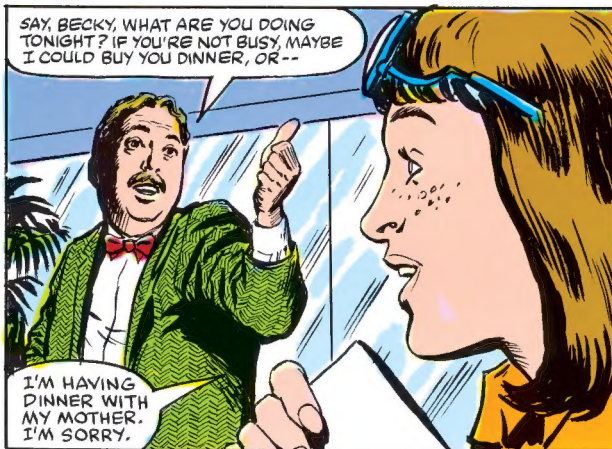
...OR SOMETHING.



ANYWAY, EVEN THOUGH SHE'S FINISHED WITH SYNN, I DON'T FEEL I CAN TRUST HER. AND I'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO... TRUST HER, THAT IS.

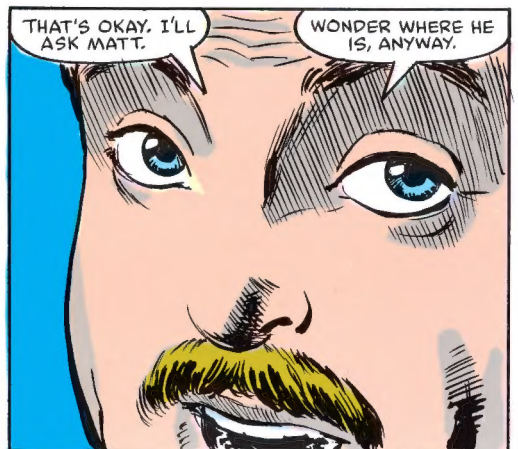


WE NEED SOME TIME AWAY FROM EACH OTHER. IF ONLY... ONLY...



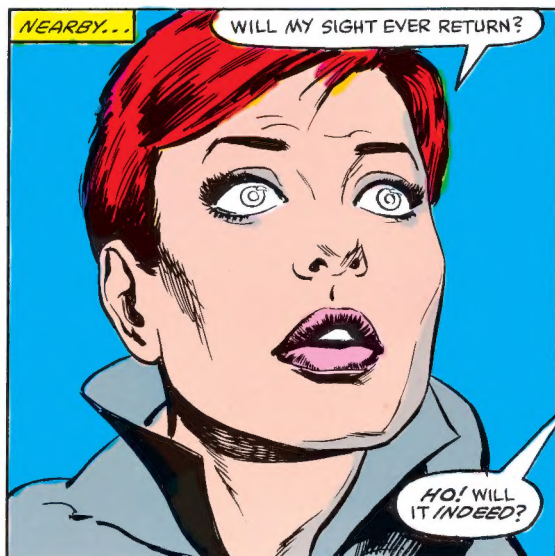
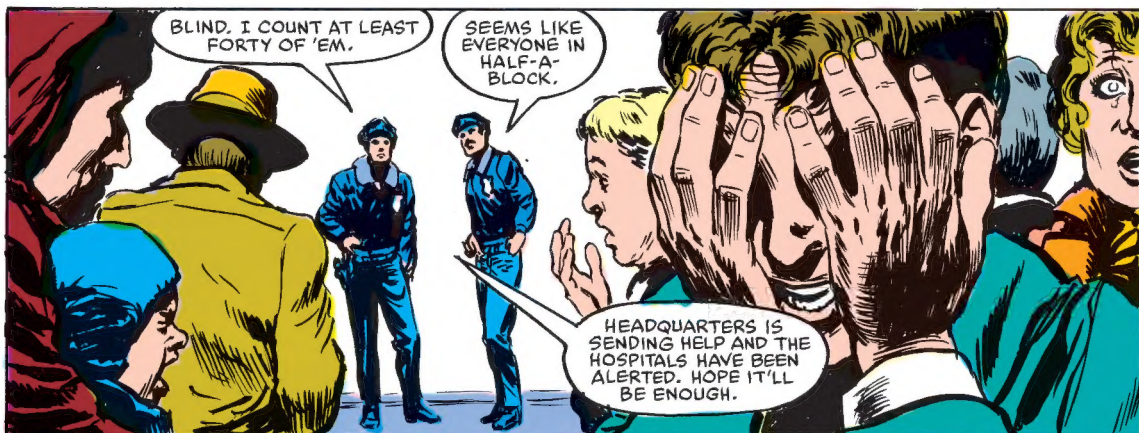
SAY, BECKY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT? IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY, MAYBE I COULD BUY YOU DINNER, OR--

I'M HAVING DINNER WITH MY MOTHER. I'M SORRY.



THAT'S OKAY. I'LL ASK MATT.

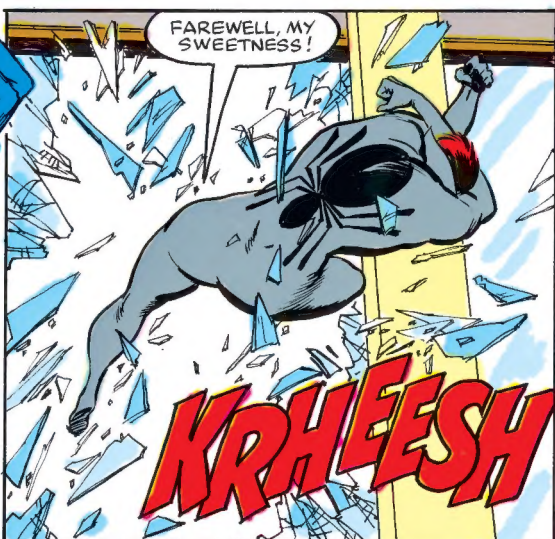
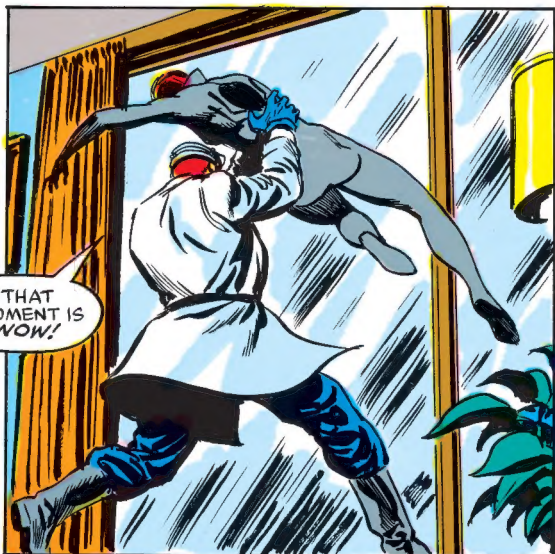
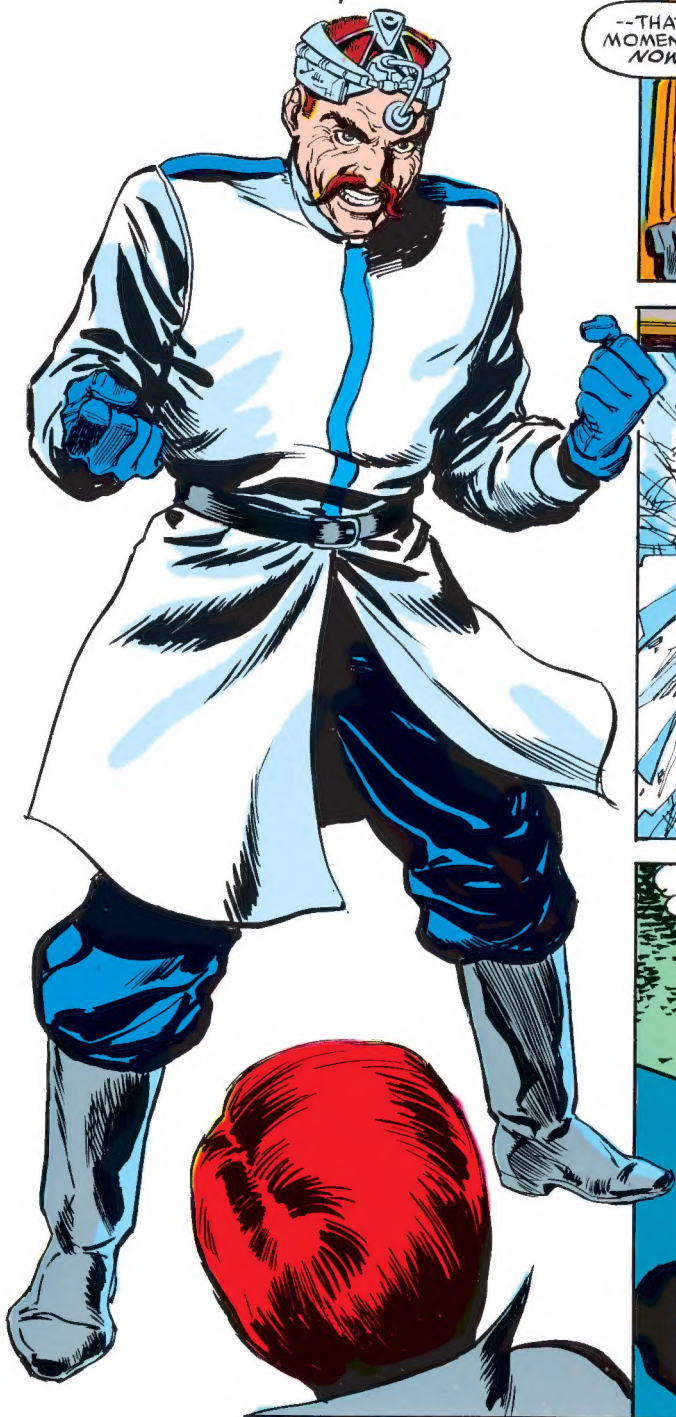
WONDER WHERE HE IS, ANYWAY.

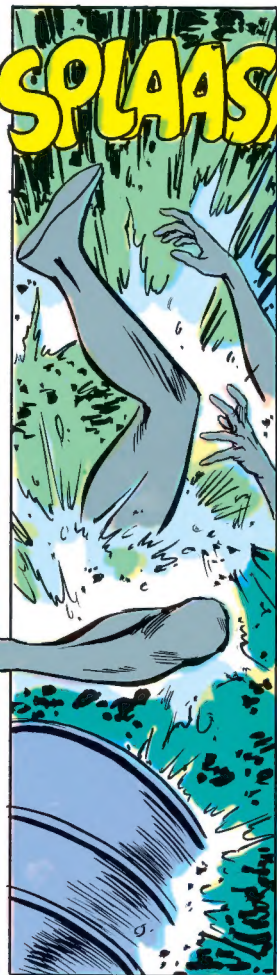


I WILL SPEAK TO YOU OF THIS,
MY LITTLE APPLE. I WILL NOT
LIE, PRETTY ONE. WE COSSACKS
ARE THE VERY *FATHERS* OF TRUTH.

YOU WILL REMAIN IN DARKNESS
UNTIL THE MOMENT YOU DIE.
THAT IS *BAD*, EH?

BUT THERE IS
GOOD, ALSO!
BECAUSE--







MUCH, MUCH LATER...

SO WHO'S UPSET ENOUGH TO SHOVE YOU OUT A SIXTH FLOOR WINDOW?

HE CALLS HIMSELF **THE COSSACK**. LIKE MYSELF, HE IS A FORMER RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE AGENT.

A FEW YEARS AGO, HE MADE HIMSELF UNPOPULAR AT THE KREMLIN-- BETRAYING ONE'S LEADERS WILL DO THAT--

--AND HE TURNED FREELANCE... AS, YOU MAY REMEMBER, DID I.

HE CAME TO ME WITH A PROPOSITION. HE HAD A LEAD TO A DOCTOR HERMANN SCHRECK--

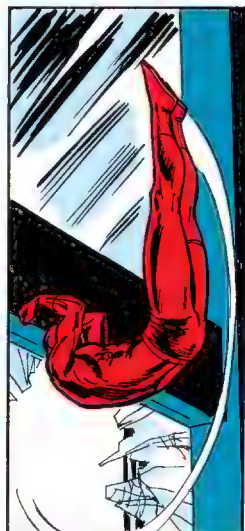
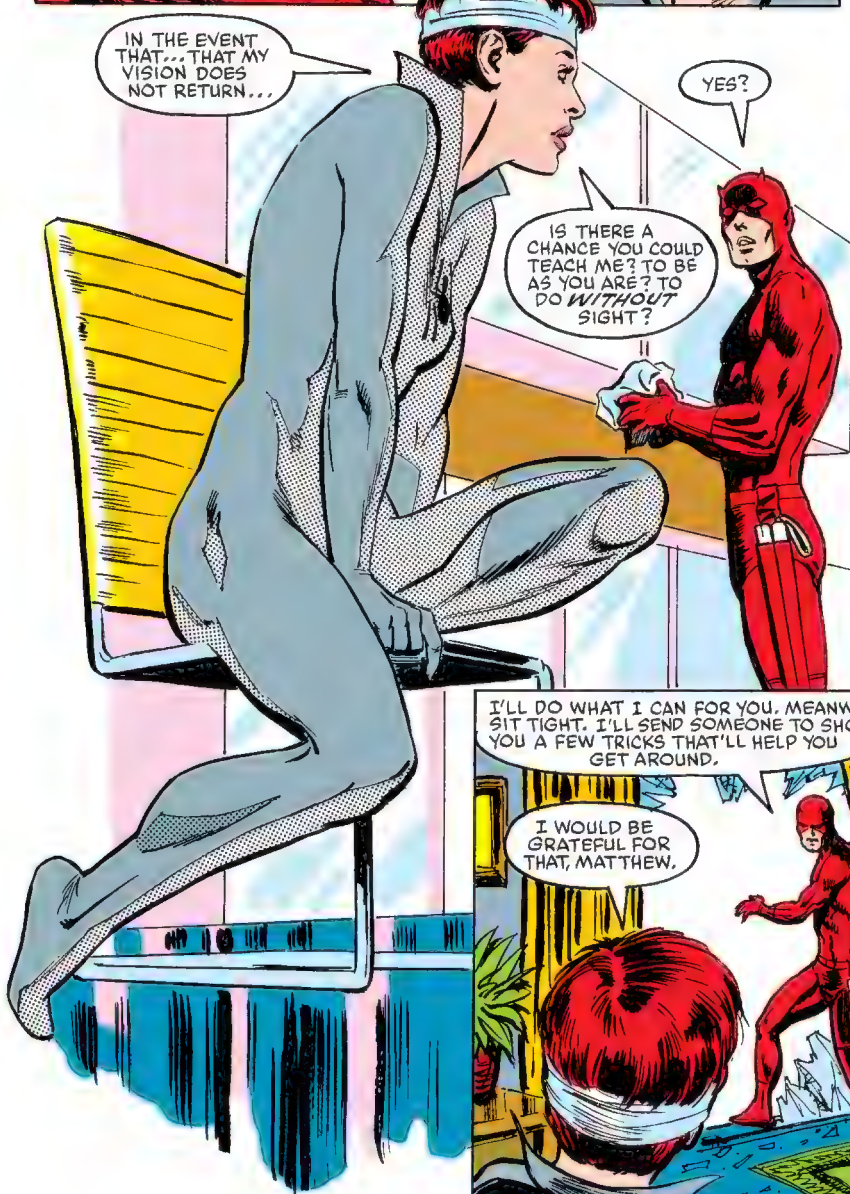
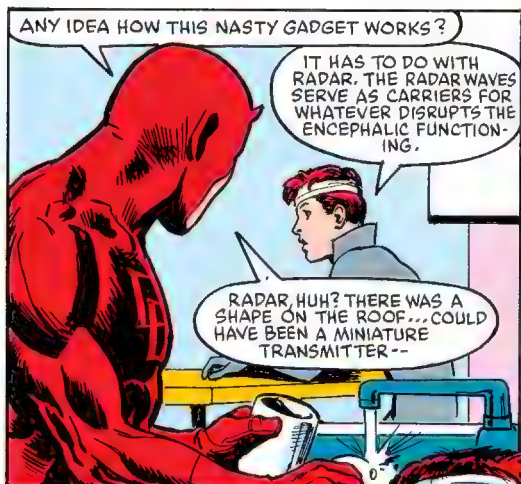
THE EAST GERMAN DEFECTOR?

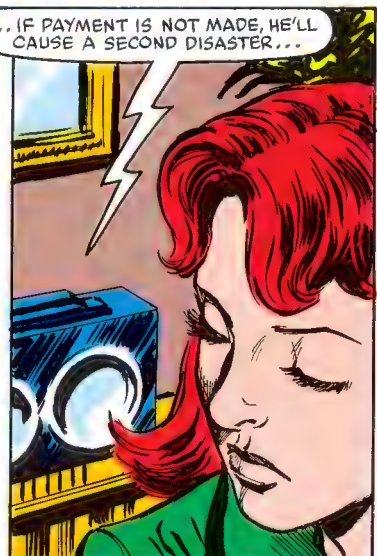
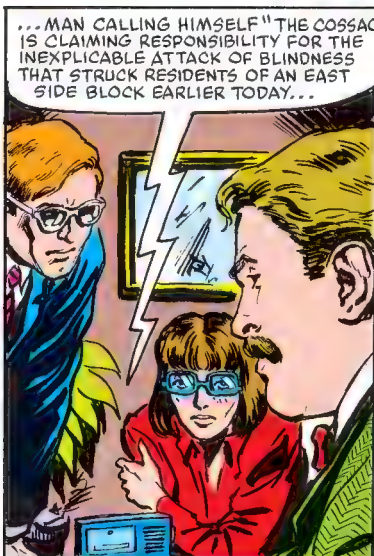
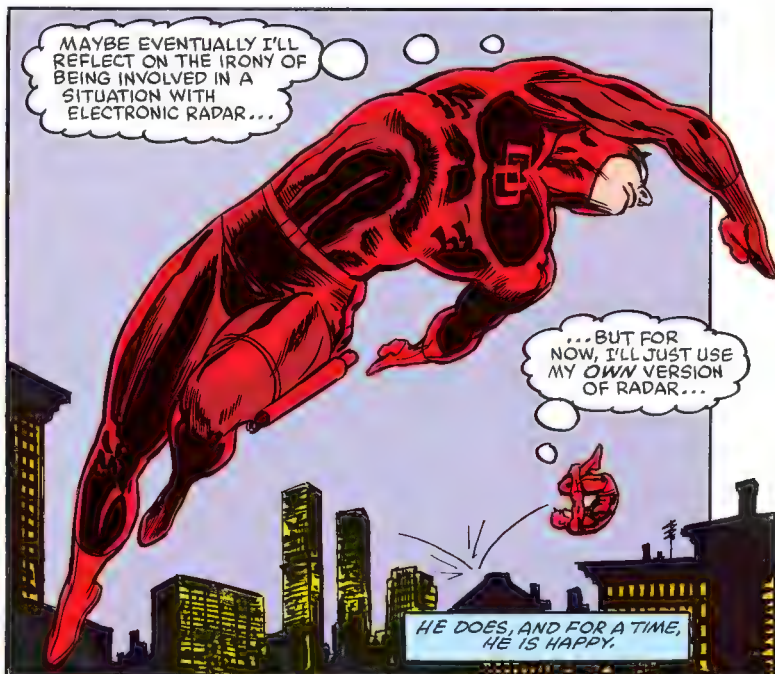
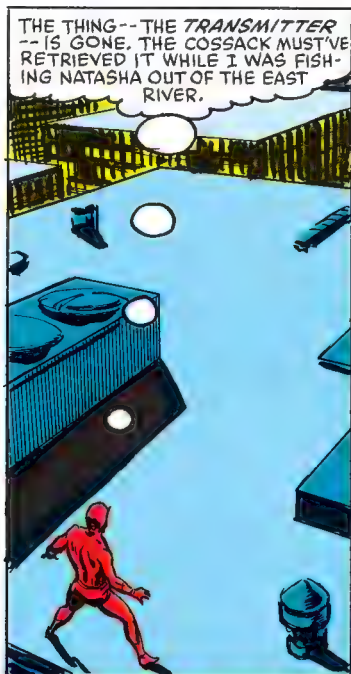
THE SAME. IT SEEMS THAT SCHRECK HAD DEVELOPED SOME SORT OF NEW WEAPON--

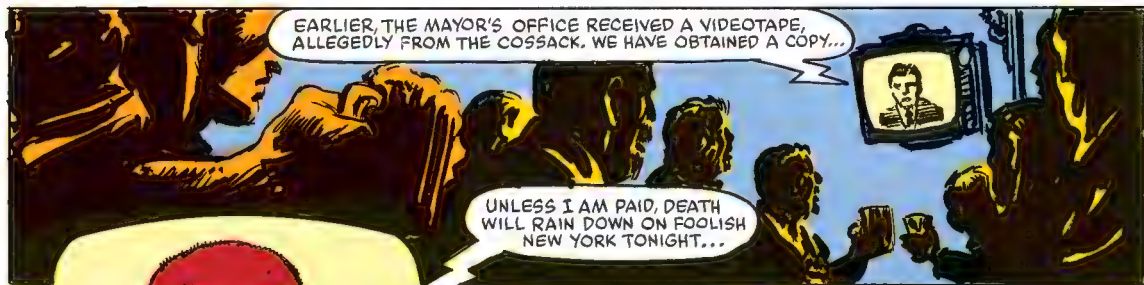
--THE KIND THAT INCAPACITATES WITHOUT KILLING. THIS WEAPON DOES SOMETHING TO THE ELECTRICITY OF THE BRAIN THAT CAUSES BLINDNESS.

AND HE TESTED IT ON YOU?

RATHER SAY THAT HE TESTED IT AND I HAPPENED TO BE IN THE WAY. AS WERE THE OTHER PEOPLE IN THIS AREA.







EARLIER, THE MAYOR'S OFFICE RECEIVED A VIDEOTAPE, ALLEGEDLY FROM THE COSSACK. WE HAVE OBTAINED A COPY...

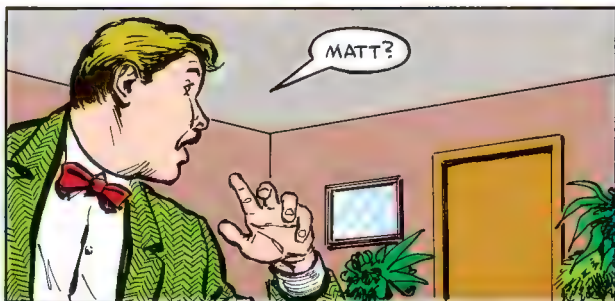
UNLESS I AM PAID, DEATH WILL RAIN DOWN ON FOOLISH NEW YORK TONIGHT...



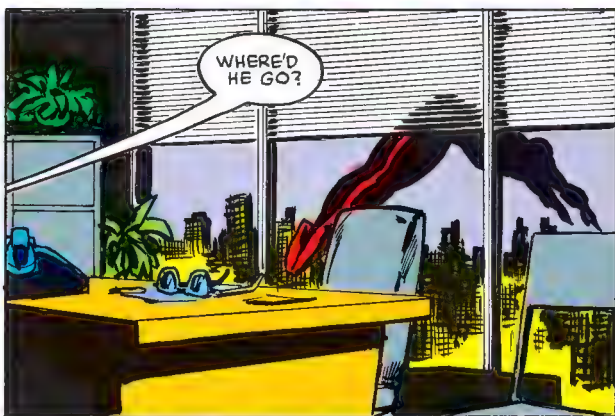
...MAYOR TOLD REPORTERS THAT NEW YORKERS REFUSE TO BE INTIMIDATED BY CHEAP THREATS...

HE WAS PROBABLY BEATING HIS CHEST AS HE SAID IT.

YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING TO THIS, MATT?



MATT?



WHERE'D HE GO?



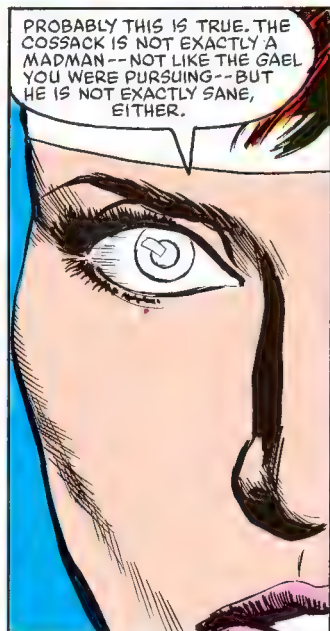
OBTAININGLY, YOUR CITY GOVERNMENT DOES NOT FEEL THE COSSACK WILL MAKE GOOD HIS PROMISE.

WILL HE?

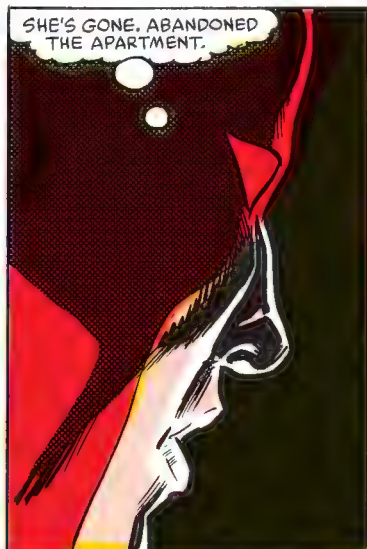
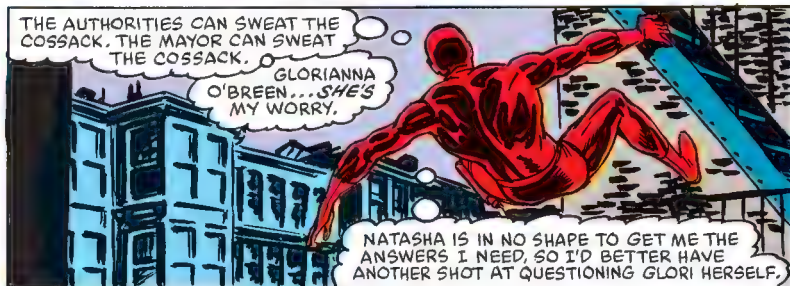
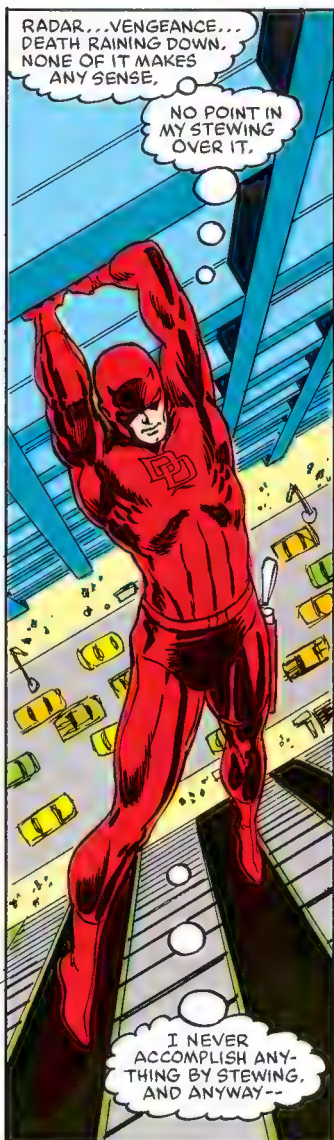


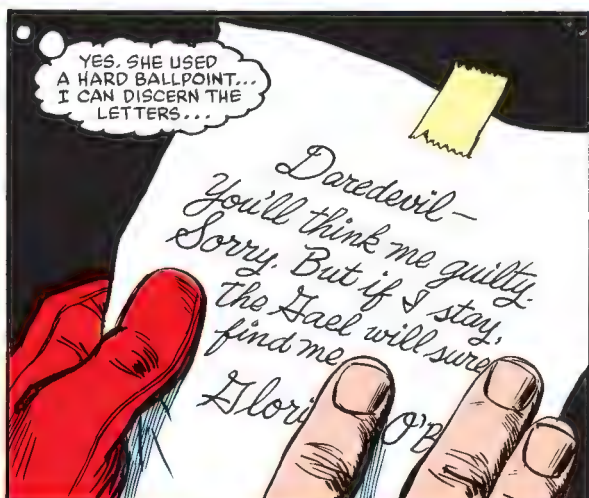
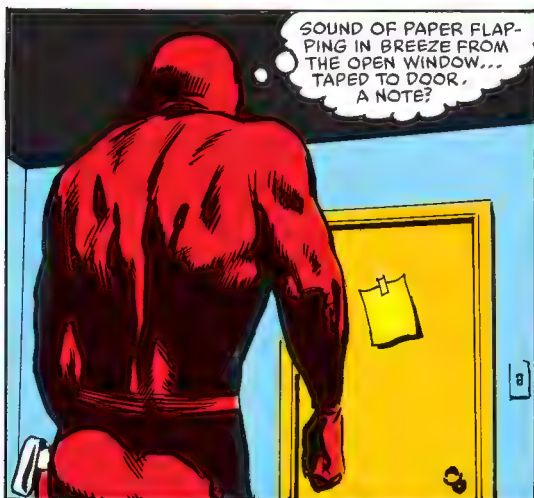
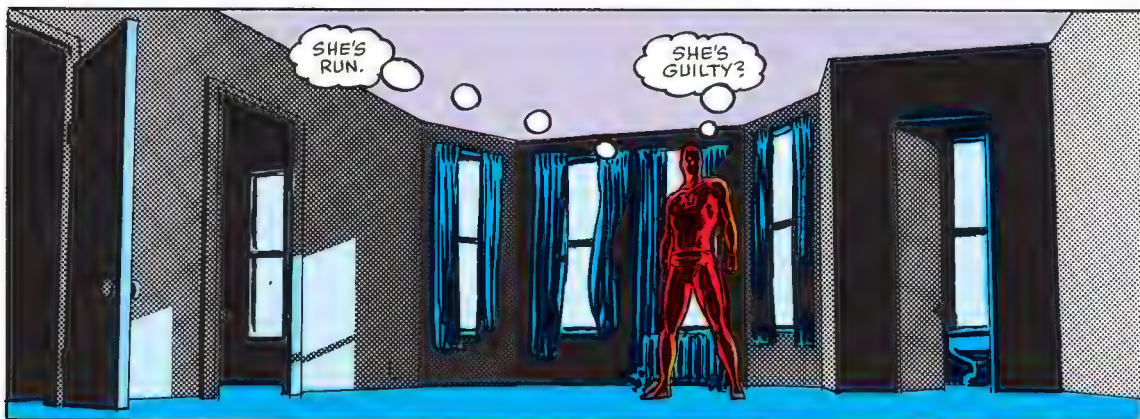
YES, HE WILL TAKE YOUR MAYOR'S WORDS AS A PERSONAL INSULT AND HE WILL NOT REST UNTIL HE IS AVENGED.

YOU SOUND LIKE HE'LL DO HIS DIRTY WORK REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT HE'S PAID.

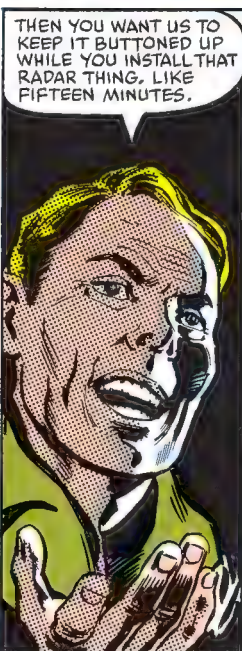
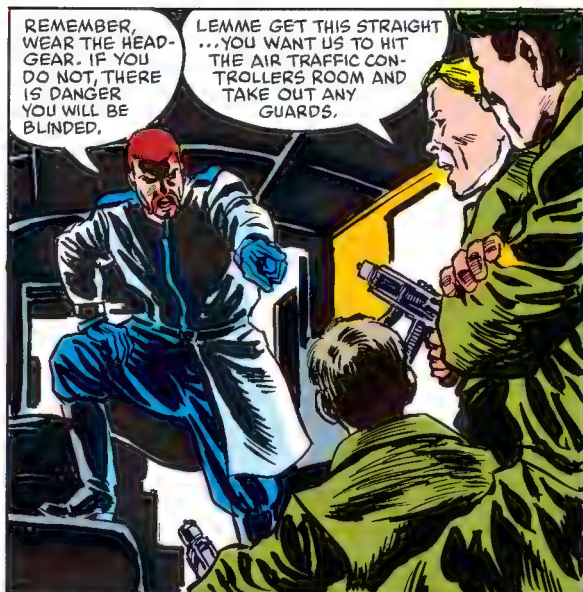
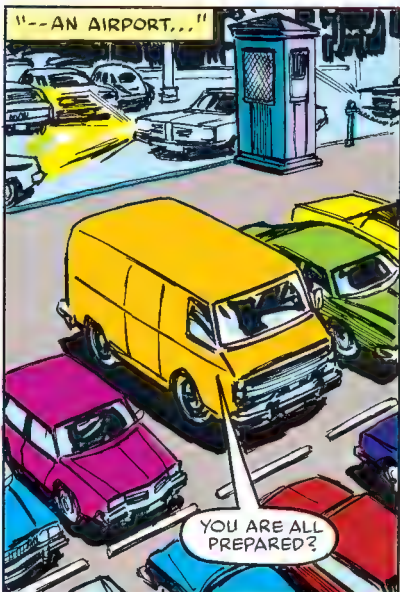
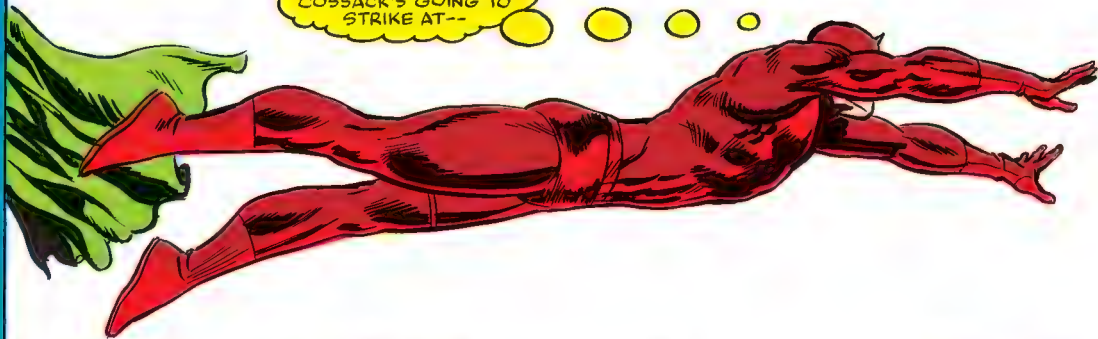


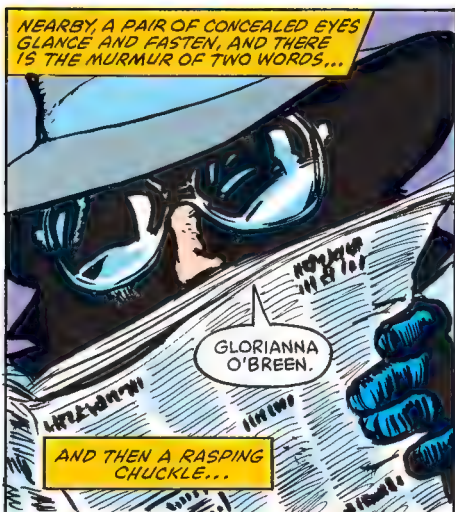
PROBABLY THIS IS TRUE. THE COSSACK IS NOT EXACTLY A MADMAN--NOT LIKE THE GAEL YOU WERE PURSUING--BUT HE IS NOT EXACTLY SANE, EITHER.





RADAR...AND DEATH
RAINING DOWN...THE
COSSACK'S GOING TO
STRIKE AT--







WE TEST MACHINE AND THEN WE ATTACH IT TO RADAR TRANSMITTER.



AT THAT MOMENT...

'TIS A WEE BLADE YER FEELIN' IN YER BACK, LASSIE. IF YE DON'T WANT IT IN YER GIZZARD, YOU'LL COOPERATE.

THE GAEL.

THE SAME. MOVE TOWARD THE CLOSET OVER THERE.



AND...

ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YE CAME TO THIS AIRFIELD TO ESCAPE FROM ME? AS I CAME TO ESCAPE THE LAW?

Y-YES.

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE JOES THAT WE MEET, EH?



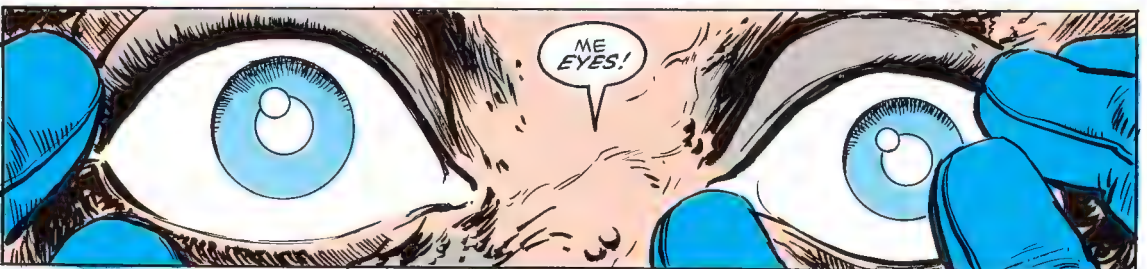
I'M AFRAID YE'LL BE MISSIN' YER PLANE. BACK AT THE BAR IN BROOKLYN, I PROMISED YE A SLOW DEATH, AN' I'M NOT ONE TO BE RENEGIN'. OF COURSE, I'VE ME *OWN* PLANE TO CATCH, SO I WON'T HAVE THE JOY OF *WATCHIN'* YE PERISH.



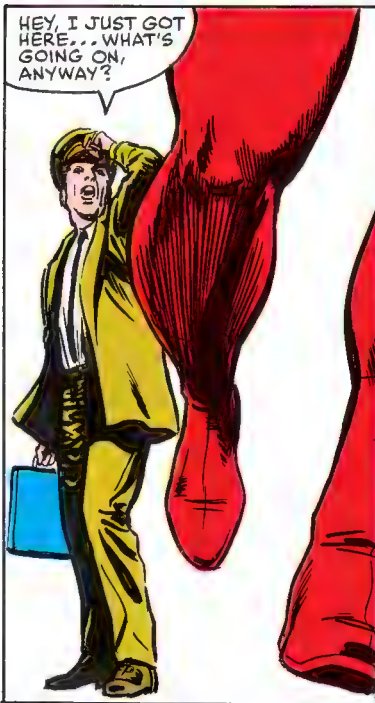
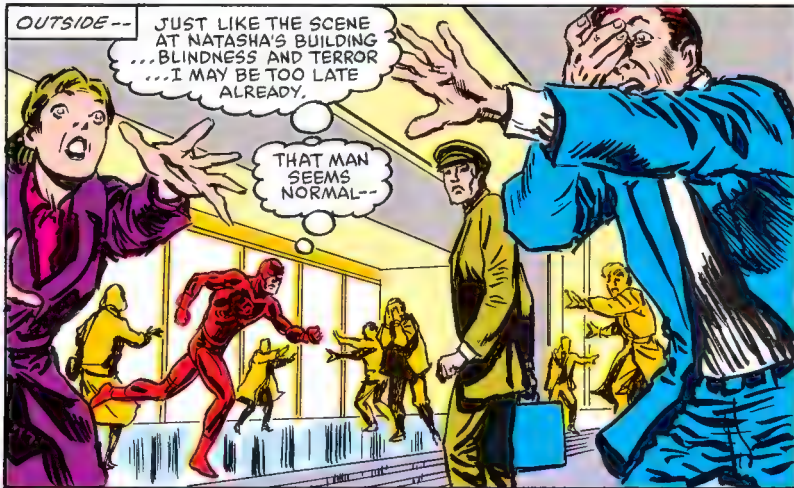
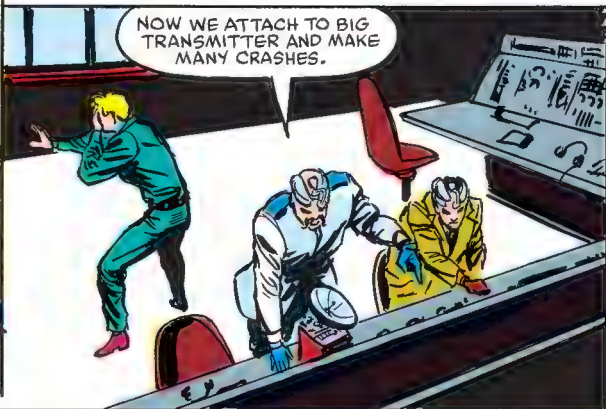
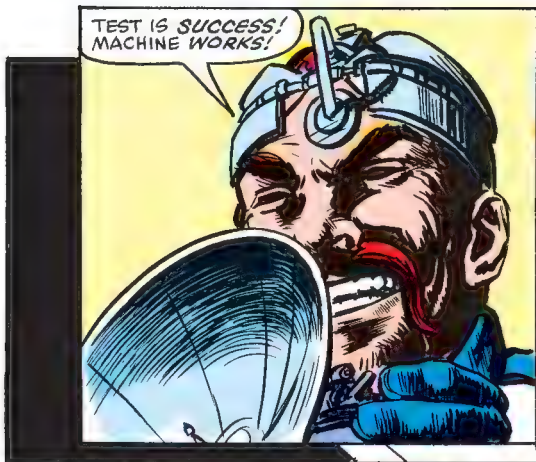
BUT I'LL USE ME KNIFE AN' I'LL DO A LITTLE OF THIS AN' I'LL DO A LITTLE OF THAT AN' I'LL LEAVE KNOWIN' YE'LL BE HOURS DYIN'...

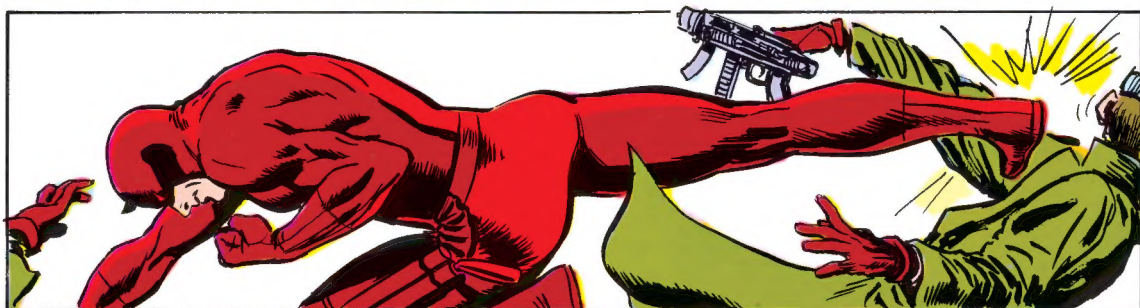


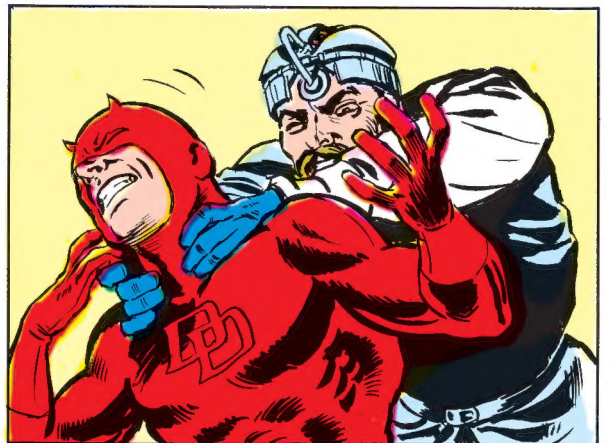
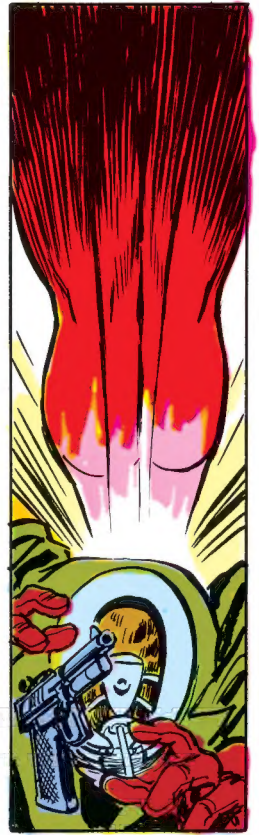
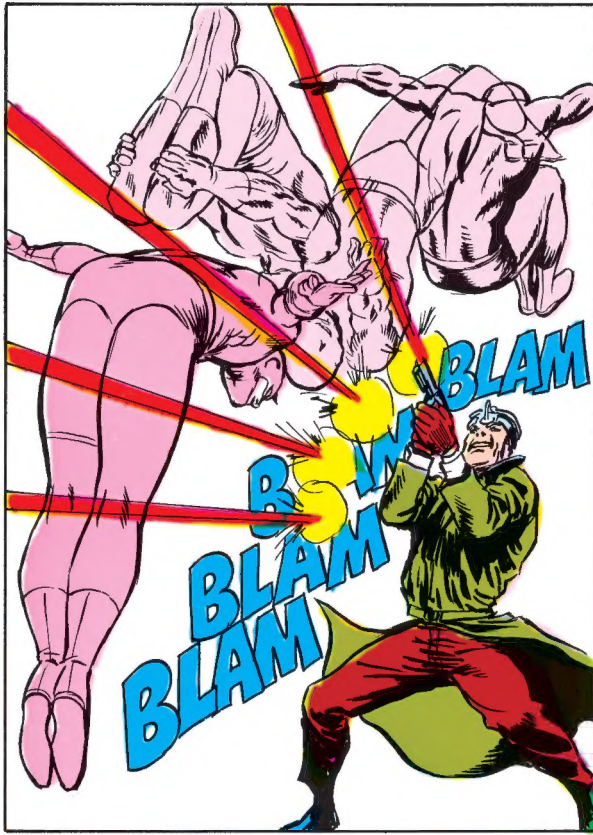
EH--?

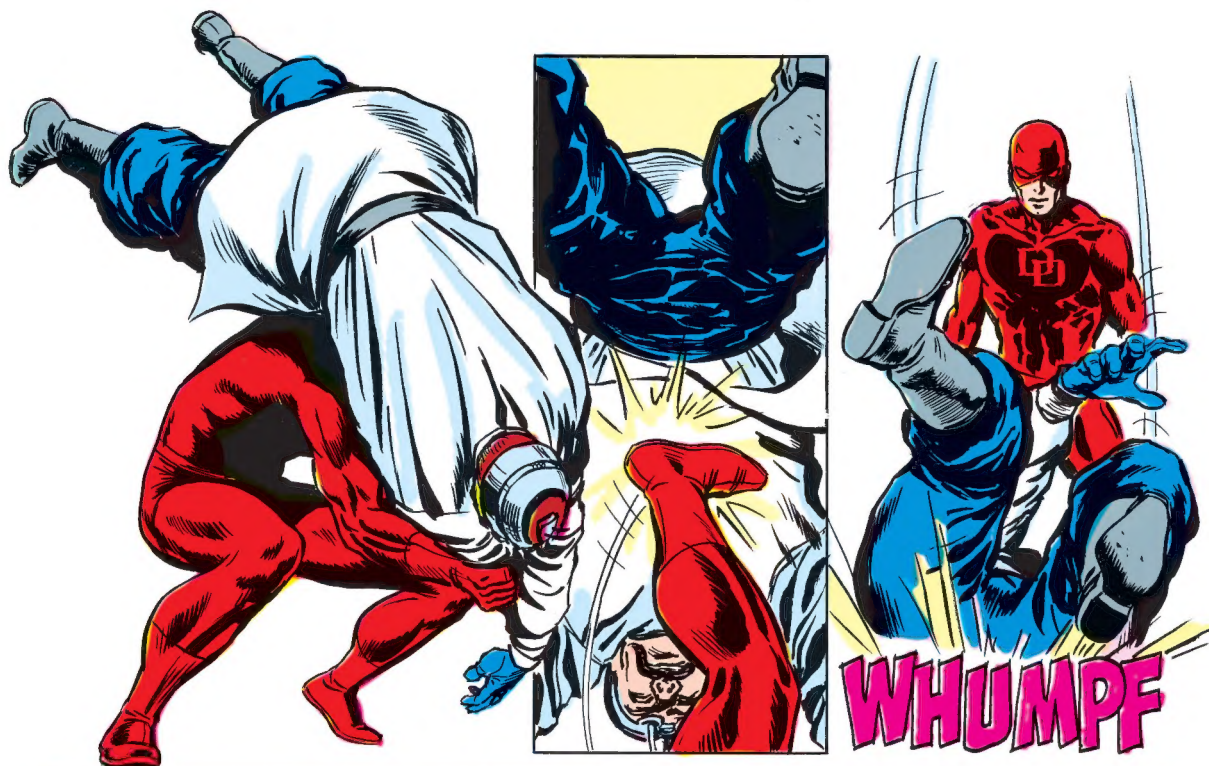


ME EYES!

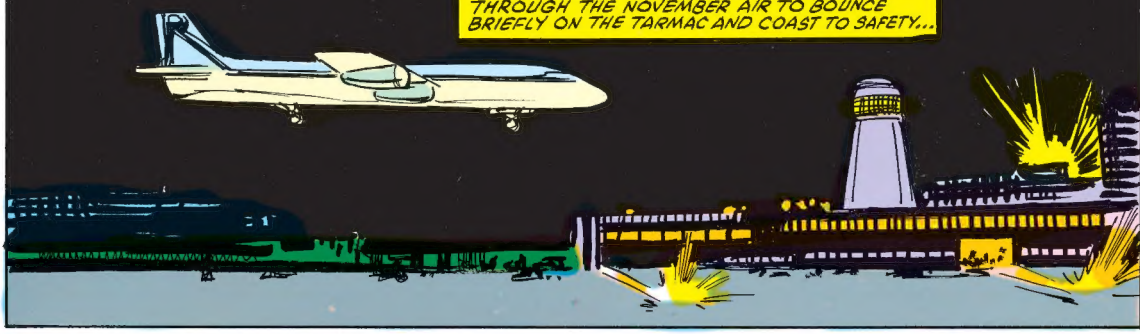








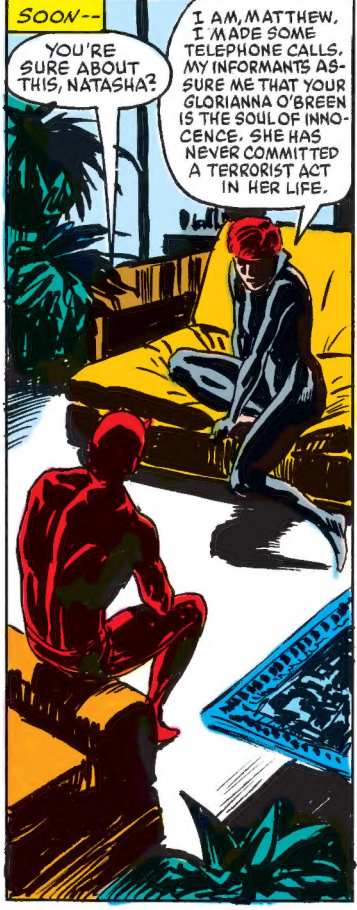
OUTSIDE, SLEEK AIRCRAFT SWOOP DOWN THROUGH THE NOVEMBER AIR TO BOUNCE BRIEFLY ON THE TARMAC AND COAST TO SAFETY...



--THEIR PASSENGERS DISEMBARKING, INDIFFERENT OR HAPPY OR JUST PLAIN RELIEVED TO BE ON THE GROUND, TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE DANGER THEY HAVE PASSED THROUGH...



SOON--



YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS, NATASHA?

I AM, MATTHEW. I MADE SOME TELEPHONE CALLS. MY INFORMANTS ASSURE ME THAT YOUR GLORIANNA O'BREEN IS THE SOUL OF INNOCENCE. SHE HAS NEVER COMMITTED A TERRORIST ACT IN HER LIFE.



DO ME A FAVOR? REACH BEHIND YOU AND SWITCH ON THE LIGHT.

SURE.



BUT WHY?

BECAUSE I NEED LIGHT TO SEE.



DOES THAT MEAN??

YES, MATTHEW. THE TIME OF DARKNESS IS PAST.

END.